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Chieh Wu

Come, let's go eat together

Last night my friends finally convinced me to *go out* with them. They called it a rare occasion since I typically spent my Friday nights reading, writing, studying, programming or simply thinking alone. I am twenty five years old, and my contemporary friends find my life style absolutely unacceptable. It amazes them that I would spend my free time doing what others would consider "work." It amazes them even more to find out that I absolutely enjoy my life.

We always end up getting into deep conversations on why people *go out* every time I declined an offer. I told my friends that people go out for two reasons. They either want to do something, or are searching for something. The doing part is obvious. For example, people might go to a bar because they want to hang out with their friends. People might go dancing because they enjoy dancing.

The second reason is much less apparent since most people in this category are not aware of it. They go to bars because they are searching for something. This something could be anything; a one nightstand, a boyfriend, a soul mate, whatever. It is because so many people go out in search of *something*, so many people also return home feeling empty.

If a person goes out for the sake of doing, they will never feel dissatisfied upon returning home. They would go to the bar to hang out with friends and that will be exactly what happened. But if a person is going to the bar with the hope that "**something**" will happen. They will be disappointed when that something doesn't happen even if the person had a blast with his or her friends.

I told my friends that this is the reason I never felt compelled to go out. I don't need to go out because I have already found what I am looking for. I have found what makes my life complete. Although I am single, I have found the person that could make me happy for the rest of my life. I have found myself.

I have a passion in changing the world, through my writing, my teaching, and my own actions. Trust me, with this passion, I am never bored with myself. In my writing, I will create enlightenment for millions of people. In my wacky video lectures, I will create laughter for millions of children. I will create smiles where my work can touch. And when one realizes the impact I will make in this world, no one will ever question if my search is over. I no longer need to search because I realize I am what I search for. When I see darkness, I realized that I am light. When I see sadness, I realize that I am comfort. When others see ugliness, I see beauty. When the whole world judges, I am the acceptance people are looking for. I no long need to search because I choose to be.

So last night I decided to go out with my friends to this restaurant called TGI Fridays in Boston. After, we decided to go to a nearby bar. While being in this bar, I observed men with expensive suits and women wearing practically nothing that probably cost more than the suits. Since I don't drink alcohol, I watched my friends order beer one after another. It was at this time, I saw my boss across the bar. Since Boston is such a big city, it is always interesting to run into acquaintances. He waved me over and asked to buy me a drink.

"I don't drink." I replied.

To insist on buying me something, the boss offered to buy a coke.

"Ten dollars with your drink too, please", the bartender asked my boss for the money.

As I took the small glass of coke full of ice in my hand, I couldn't help but wonder if my boss really just threw ten dollars away. It was at this time my eyes focus on a very beautiful women next to me. She had long blond hair and a face that most men would consider gorgeous. Both my boss and I were absorbed by this woman. As odd as this might sound, it was not her that I was fascinated with, but rather the six drinks she just bought. It was the same drink as my boss, and she handed a fifty dollar bill to the bartender. It was then it hit me. I was like, "wow, she just spent a lot of money on drinks and so is everyone else."

I realized an hour later that I was really hungry. So I decided to slip out of the bar to grab some food. When I walked out of the bar, I saw the same beautiful woman a bit ahead of me on the street. She was walking by two homeless black men. They said something I couldn't hear with an expression of supplication. The beautiful woman in reply said, "I have no money, get away from me." She kept walking quickly to avoid the two black men.

Losing hope with the beautiful woman, the two black men looked at me and asked if I had any change I could spare. One of the black man looked at me and said, "I am so hungry brother, please give me some change." At this moment, I smiled at the black man and told him that I was hungry too.

"Let's go eat together." I said to them.

"What?" The black man was shocked.

"I don't have cash on me, but I have a credit card, let's go eat, I'll pay with the credit card." I reached out my hand to pull the black man up.

The black man told me that he had a broken hip and asked if I could go with his brother to bring the food to him. So we set out in search for food. Since it was late at night, the black man and I walked for a long time to find an open restaurant. We bought

chicken wing, sandwiches, burgers, fries and drinks all for fifteen dollars. We then brought the food back to his brother.

And there I was, twelve 'o clock at night, in downtown Boston, on the street with Jimmy and Caesar, I sat and ate the best chicken sandwiches in my life.